

We are all on Candid Camera. What kind of memories are you making?

H O M E

Webster defines it as one's dwelling place where you can lie down and rest.

To me Home is a sanctuary where love abounds and lessons are taught. Where warmth is felt and the elements of the universe are turned away. Where compassion is shown to all those who enter.

How grateful I am for the Home my mother and dad gave me. For all the laughter and love, hopes and dreams our home sheltered-- I am humbly grateful.

My first recollection of Home was in "The Old House". I can see glistening dishes in an old fashioned cupboard--warmth from our coal stove radiated both rooms, the kitchen and bedroom. The cot in the kitchen that was used for a bed. Grandpa Durfee playing bear with we children one evening amid our squeals of delight.

A real life Santa Claus dressed in suit and all distributing gifts under the tree. I hastily closed the bedroom door. That was the year Edris and Edith got the little doll baskets with beads on them.

I remember the Indians coming for pinenuts every year and Daddy taking me up to their campfire -- of the squaw who was at our kitchen door the next morning for bacon and bread.

I can remember the building of our new home and how proud the folks were of it. I can remember the dining room set and the piano.

Orville Jr. reminded me this morning of the time our roof blew off from our new home. He said the folks awakened us at one A.M. and hustled

us all out to the Old House. They soon had a big hot fire going in the stove so we weren't cold. It's funny how your mind remembers certain things. I can't remember all the details of the roof blowing off, but I can still see it sitting down in our garden patch.

We had a Delco system that generated electricity for our new home. We had electric lights! Sometimes they wouldn't burn too bright but after the Delco Engine was started we were back in business.

I remember some nights we would burn a kerosene lamp. Daddy loved Zane Grey novels--he would read a few chapters out of a book each night and we dearly loved it. He had a beautiful reading voice and he made the character come to life. I think that is why I love nature so now is because of the adjectives Zane Grey used in describing a sunset, a sunrise, a rain storm or the smell of sage.

I can remember this one evening as if it was only yesterday. We were so snuggy warm--the kerosene lamp burned bright. Daddy's full warm resonant voice read on and on--mother brushed my long tresses and then rolled them in rags so I would have nice curls for school.

The making of root beer--the killing of a pig or beef--the cutting and curing--all made me feel that no famine would come to our home.

The shocking of grain as the big harvest moon came over the East Mountains. The smell of freshly cut and stacked hay. The happy time of playing hide and seek and kick the can as the moon rose higher and higher.

The quarts of fruit and pickles and jams and jellies that were bottled in the fall of the year preparing for the winter months ahead.

I can still remember the smell of chili sauce and pickles as we opened

the back door coming from school--the aroma so saturated my sense of smell I shall never forget.

The birth of our baby brother Clark. Grandma Durfee came in the middle of the night. Daddy went for Dr. Sater. The kissing of my dear Mother that morning as I left for school--not realizing the pain and suffering she would go through to bring a baby into the world. How we loved and adored our baby brother, but now he has gone back to him who gave him life.

I remember the hours my Mother spent at the sewing machine. She was a wonderful seamstress. Of the Thanksgiving Hazel, Edith and Edris returned from Albion where they were going to school. The bringing forth of three beautiful dresses--my dear Mother had made for them. They were black. The twins had fur as their trim and Hazels had rhinestones.

The killing of turkeys to help with Christmas money. I was allowed to stay out of school that day and help. It was rather gruesome but didn't seem to effect me much. I'm afraid I couldn't do it now.

Our Thanksgiving and our Christmas were happy times. Preparation was the key factor. The nicest turkey was kept from our flock so he could grace our table. The smell of pumpkin pies, mince pies, and fruit cake gave one the feeling that everyone's harvest was as good as ours.

The Christmas tree that was brought into the living room the morning of the 24th. The smell of the pine. The colored rope that was draped from corner to light and over to the opposite corner in preparing for the festivities of the birth of our Saviour and the arrival of Ole St. Nick.

The smell of goodies in the kitchen--the trimming of the tree--the hanging of socks and the anticipation of peace on earth good will toward our fellow men made my childhood full of many happy memories. The turning on of the tree lights by our dear Mother to see if Santa Claus had arrived. The taking of our gifts into the folks bedroom so Daddy could see what Santa had left. It was a happy time.

The 4th of July was a big event also. The firing of the cannon at four A.M.--the new dresses and shoes--the program--the races--the firecrackers and the ball game made one feel the security of having been born in a free land.

The cleanliness of our home stands out in my mind. Clean sheets from the line that smelled so good. A clean butter dish--jam or jelly taken from the bottle and put in a pretty dish. A nice table set for every meal--even if it was only bread and milk and onions. Clean cupboards, oven and refrigerator. My mother was a beautiful homemaker. Her candies and sandwiches for Relief Society parties were the most inviting and prettiest.

Daddy was a good provider. I always felt that we were rich. Daddy used to say "He didn't know which was worse to be poor or to feel poor."

We always had adequate.

When cousins would come we thought nothing of sleeping crosswise in a bed--six to a bed. It was fun!

Mother and Daddy had their differences I am sure but nothing that ever got out of hand.

I had a feeling of peace and tranquility knowing that if the world became flat I could return home and find the answer.

Prayers were taught and said. Heavenly Father was in the heavens and love was in our home.

*Hope you enjoyed reading
my memoirs -
Love,
mom*